

The Tragedie of Hamlet

If one could match you; the Scrimures of their nation
He swore had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposd them; fir this report of his
Did Hamlet so enuenom with his enuy,
That he could nothing doe but wish and beg
Your sodaine comming ore to play with you.
Now out of this.

Laer. What out of this my Lord?

King. Laertes was your father deare to you?

Or are you like the painting of a sorrowe,
A face without a hart?

Laer. Why aske you this?

King. Not that I thinke you did not loue your father,

But that I knowe, loue is begunne by time,

And that I see in passages of prooffe,

Time qualifies the sparke and fire of it,

There liues within the very flame of loue

A kind of weeke or snufe that will abate it,

And nothing is at a like goodnes still,

For goodnes growing to a plurisie,

Dies in his owne too much, that we would doe

We should doe when we would: for this would changes,

And hath abatements and delayes as many,

As there are tongues, are hands, are accedents,

And then this should is like a spend thirfts sigh,

That hurts by easing; but to the quick of th' vicer,

Hamlet comes back, what would you vndertake

To shoue your selfe indeede your fathers sonne

More then in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'th Church.

King. No place indeede should murther sanctuarise,

Reuendge should haue no bounds: but good Laertes

Will you doe this, keepe close within your chamber,

Hamlet return'd, shall knowe you are come home,

Weele put on those shall praise your excellence,

And set a double varnish on the fame

The french man gaue you, bring you in fine together

And wager ore your heads; he being remisse,

Most generous, and free from all contriuing.

Will

Prince of Denmarke.

Will not peruse the foyles, so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword vnated, and in a pace of practise
Requite him for your Father.

Laer. I will doo't,

And for purpose, Ile annoynt my sword.

I bought an vnction of a Mountibanck

So mortall, that but dippe a knife in it,

Where it drawes blood, no Cataplasme so rare,

Collected from all simples that haue vertue

Vnder the Moone, can saue the thing from death

That is but scratcht withall, Ile tutch my point

With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly, it may be death.

King. Lets further thinke of this.

Wey what conuenience both of time and meanes

May fit vs to our shape if this should fayle,

And that our drift looke through our bad performance,

Twere better not assayd, therefore this proiect,

Should haue a back or second that might hold

If this did blast in prooffe; soft let me see,

Wee'le make a solemne wager on your cunnings,

I hate, when in your motion you are hore and dry,

As make your bouts more violent to that end,

And that he calls for drinke, Ile haue prefard him

A Challice for the nonce, whereon but sipping,

If he by chauce escape your venom'd stuck,

Our purpose may hold there; but stay, what noyse?

Enter Queene.

Quee. One woe doth tread vpon anothers heele,

So fast they follow; your Sisters drown'd Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd, o where?

Quee. There is a Willow growes ascaunt the Brooke

That shoues his horry leaues in the glassy streame,

Therewith fantastique garlands did the make

Of Crowflowes, Nettles, Daises, and long Purples

That liberall Shepheards giue a grosser name,

But our cull-cold maydes doe dead mens fingers call them.

There on the pendant boughes her cronet weedes

M.

Clambring